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DALLAS, OREGON, AUG. 11, 1911.

The way to build up Dallas is to put
vitalize Dallas people.



AN UNHOLY ALLIANCE.

The ordinary individual's finer sensibilities, his conception of the eternal fitness of things, rebels at the announcement of the coming marriage of Col. John Jacob Astor, age 47, to Miss Madeline Talmage Force, age 18. Astor has but recently been divorced by his first wife, the mother of his two children, his own son, Vincent, being a year older than the girl whom his father is to marry. The announcement of the engagement and the coming marriage, the date for which has been named by Astor himself as October 15, has aroused a storm of protest among the Episcopal clergy throughout the country, who declare to a man, that the banns are without the pale of the church and in opposition to decency and morality. It is also declared that it will be impossible to find a clergyman of the faith who will perform the ceremony, unless it can be shown that Astor was the innocent party in the divorce proceedings, and that the separation resulted from unfaithfulness on the part of his former wife. As no such claim has ever been made, it appears probable, that if the clergy does not recede from its position, that Astor and his school girl fiancée will have to seek elsewhere for an officiating minister.

It may not be the public's business, this coming mating of Winter with Spring, and the wedding will probably be consummated regardless of what the public thinks, but one cannot refrain from voicing his disgust in the premises. Longing for a box at the opera, and the heights of the social whirl and travel and conquest in foreign lands, the poor, weak girl, abetted by her supine parents, is preparing to mate with a man old enough to be her father, and all because that man is the possessor of wealth and power, and can give her nothing else. No emotion of love can sway her heart strings and, if she is constructed of ordinary human clay, she must, in the inmost cloister of her soul shudder when she contemplates her coming marriage. But she resolutely puts aside all thoughts of her better self and enters into the rich man's money bags will heal the hurt, and encompass all that the world holds in happiness and contentment. She is selling herself for glittering gold and her parents are, it is said, congratulating themselves upon the alliance she is to make.

For shame. Shame for the girl and shame for her elders who, with their knowledge of the world and its ways, familiar as they must be with the long list of unhappy marriages of the past, none of which, however, presents so wide a barrier to age as that which their daughter will enter into, cannot see that there can be but one possible outcome for a mis-mating of this nature, unhappiness, disgrace and social death.

But all that is forgotten. The no-hill impulses of the heart are trumped over and all for the love of wealth which, in their estimation, marks the alpha and omega of life. It is a disgusting, unholy mess, as the clergymen have said, and it is to be hoped that they will adhere to their statements and refuse to officiate at these nuptials, at this degradation of the purest vows which men and women may take, at this farcical attempt to mate Youth with Age, with gold as the prize. Astor and his millions have long been a stench in the nostrils of honest and upright people, and this last step that he proposes is only in line with his other affairs.

He is a disgrace to the citizenship of the country. He has never performed a single act for the good of the country, and his money has been used solely for his own pleasure, and now it will be spent in buying the self-respect of a weak-minded girl, dazzled by the glitter which she thinks means all that is desirable in life.

If the head of the house of Astor desires to make a fool of himself, he should by all means be permitted to do so, and the sooner he sinks into oblivion the better, but he should not be allowed to drag a young girl down to his level, even if she herself and her silly parents know no better than to assist at the sacrifice.

ROMEO LAFFERTY.

Congressman Lafferty, of Oregon, is again in the limelight, but his latest attempt, isn't calculated to increase his popularity nor add to the dignity of the office that he holds. He has been accused of writing a letter to a Washington high school graduate with whom he was unacquainted, and which was followed by a visit from the young lady's father and an apology from the congressman. The incident occurred several weeks ago but has only recently leaked out, and was first told in dispatches from Washington last week.

Monday's Oregonian contains a lengthy explanation from Lafferty in which he intimates that he is the victim of a deep, dark plot to injure his reputation, and that he has incurred the displeasure of certain railroad interests and that this method has been taken by their "private detectives" to discredit him at his own expense. The congressman, however, makes

no attempt to deny writing the letter but declares that the facts have been greatly exaggerated.

A careful reading of his "explanation" impresses one as a lame attempt to excuse his action by an endeavor to impugn the motives of some one else, and thus attract attention from his own escapade. The simple fact that a congressman from a sovereign state could so far forget himself as to write a silly note to a school girl, intimating that her printed picture in a daily newspaper "looked good" to him will have to do some tall explaining to square himself with the people who sent him to the Nation's capital to assist in legislating for the welfare of his constituency and the people at large. Mr. Lafferty's attempts to "explain" are dismal failures. He cannot explain and the more publicity he gives to the unfortunate incident, the more discredit is his own connection with it appears.

In common with citizens of Oregon, The Observer does not believe in giving undue publicity to this unfortunate incident, but Lafferty's attempt to excuse himself by accusing others is so weak and silly that it really requires attention. The action of the congressman in writing the letter, and endeavoring to engage in a flirtation like any sidewalk masquerade, is reprehensible, but his further attempt to attach political significance to the incident, is even more so.

While it is undoubtedly true that his enemies will take advantage of the controversy to exaggerate it and bring ignominy upon him, Lafferty must remember that it was only through his own asinine actions in the first place that they are enabled to do it, and is reaping the penalty that comes to all other masqueraders. "I am 36, a bachelor, and have no family," wrote the congressman to the young school girl, accompanying the note with a picture of the girl, cut from a newspaper and pasted on to a sheet of his private stationery. No wonder the irate father called on the Oregon representative and demanded an apology. No wonder he received it, and no wonder that the people of Oregon refuse to accept Mr. Lafferty's explanation. He admits writing the letter—that is sufficient. If his political enemies can take advantage of it and thereby accomplish his downfall, who's to blame but this same "Romeo Lafferty?"

POLK WANTS THEM.

Reports from the Middle West indicate that one of the largest influx of homeseekers in history will reach the Coast states this fall following the regular reduced rates placed in effect by the railroads. Each community of Oregon and Washington will make an effort to secure a portion of these newcomers and Dallas should be in line. No section of country can offer greater inducements for the newcomer than Polk county and all that is needed, is to place these attractions before the new people. A special effort should be made on the part of the allied commercial organizations of Polk county towns to induce the Easterners to come to this county and look it over before casting their lot on the Coast, and a united effort along such lines cannot fail to result in a greatly increased population.

The employment of a man in Portland, whose business it would be to interview the homeseekers, and induce them to look over Polk county, would be a profitable investment. The salary and expenses of such a man could be borne easily by the commercial clubs of the county, and in that manner would not fall heavily upon any one community. Polk county cannot afford to fall behind in the booster procession. Other communities will exert themselves to secure a portion of these desirable people who are seeking new homes in the golden west, and it is the live communities that will benefit by their coming and the investment of the new capital. This is a suggestion that The Observer believes can be profitably taken up by the Dallas Commercial club and it is believed that the other similar organizations of the county will readily consent to assist. This should not be alone a Dallas movement. Each community in the county offers advantages for the homeseeker and every new family that makes its home in Polk county adds to the material growth and wealth of the county and indirectly benefits every property holder and business institution. No portion of the county can prosper without extending its influence to others and what benefits one locality in Polk brings prosperity to more distant communities in proportion as those communities are awake and ready to grasp their opportunities.

Lafferty admits that he is "36 and a bachelor," and by that claim seeks to account for his unseemly conduct regarding the Washington high school girl. Come to think of it, that position should have some weight.

The coming of the merry-go-round, following closely the announcement of the establishment of the prune packing plant in Dallas, seems to be more glory than we can stagger under successfully. "But that's the way it goes," as Mawruss Perlmutter would say, "Blessings never come singly yet."

Portland has at last stirred itself and is cleaning house. The respectable denizens of the North End have been given notice to leave by the police, and a vigorous campaign has been inaugurated by the officials to see that the city is freed from their noxious society. That these undesirable have been permitted to exist and have been allowed to flaunt their calling under the very noses of the police has been a lurid spot on the good name of the city and the fact that they have been useful only in the voting precincts at election time, is evidence that a pull has been somewhere, by which they enjoyed immunity from arrest. But the good people of the city have at last taken a hand in the matter which bids fair to end in the utter rout of the rascals. With their elimination it is possible that no more Laffertys will be sent to congress from the second district.

Visiting His Brother.

J. E. Plummer, formerly of Boise, Idaho, is visiting his brother, L. W. Plummer, at the latter's home, north of Dallas.

Hop Baskets Arriving.

Shipments of hop baskets are beginning to arrive in Dallas, and once more is a reminder of the approaching hop picking season that will be here before people realize it.

THE LOAFER

(By Himself.)

"When is beer not beer?" inquires an ex-lounge. That's easy—when it's suds."

Some people wonder why I call myself "the Loafer," and seem willing to go before the world through the columns of the Observer under that appellation. I do it because I believe that the loafer has a certain mission to perform in this world. Not, the lay-around-and-whistle kind of loafer, but the fellow who is observing and takes an interest in the world about him. Being a loafer I have time to investigate and take cognizance of things that I see and tell the people about them. I don't believe that I have a vindictive disposition and I want my fellow man to feel that I am his friend, but there are some things in this mundane sphere that need correction and I'm going to do my level best to straighten them out from time to time. When I see anything that I think isn't exactly what it ought to be I'm going to swat it good and hard and keep on swatting until it has the desired effect. That's the kind of a loafer I am and I believe that I have a place in the world.

When I look at all the hopyards lying green beneath the sun, and I think of all the lures that are sure from them to come; when I see the loaded prune trees waiting for the harvest days, I'm inclined to the opinion that the land around here pays. When a man may gain a fortune from one hopyard in a year, I am pleased with the reflection that I've used my share of beer. Though I'm not exactly boasting for the sousing of the suds still, the use of all this moisture changes "farmers" into "blooze." Blooze who sport red benzine buggies and tear up the country road, while the folks who drink their product, struggle dazed beneath their load. But, so long as jags will stagger, and so long as suds they brew, we'll just keep on getting richer, we can't help what others do. If the hop is more successful in the beer than in the bread, it is only that the people followed where the thirsty led.

I notice that the people of Tacoma have become so stirred up by the ringing of church bells at "unseemly hours" that they have asked their city commissioners to pass a law prohibiting the bells. The Tacocomans are too sensitive. Some of 'em would be a blamed sight better off if they paid more attention to the church bells. But who can you expect of a bunch of people that pass an anti-treating ordinance?

This man Nat Goodwin has plans arranged for his fifth marriage, according to the newspapers. Just as soon as he completes his divorce proceedings from wife No. 4, he will marry Marjorie Moreland, a beautiful young actress, whose home is in Los Angeles. Marjorie has my sympathy. When Nat comes home from the theater and sets down to the frugal repast and tackles the biscuits that Marjorie has built with her "own dear little hands" and kicks about them, there'll be tears in the Goodwin household. He may tell her that wife No. 1, could beat her to death making biscuits, or wife No. 2, had her going when it came to raspberry pie, while wife No. 3, had her going in the construction of chocolate cake, but wife No. 4—say—she was certainly there is a boiler of nice, hot water. In the face of all these declarations Marjorie may long for the parental roof and the company of less married men. This man Goodwin has annexed a considerable fortune as a comedian—he has made millions laugh, and he's keeping up the fun—but they're not laughing at his stage antics now—his real life grows comical day by day. Still, there's the other side. There are men who ought to wife's it, and claim that Nat has progressed from the comedian class to the ranks of the tragedians.

There was a young lady in Dallas Who wanted to live in a palace But the man that she wed Bought a hopyard instead Now a palace's too common for Alice.

The annual crop of amateur hunters who kill their companions under the impression that they are deer, or bears, or some other animal in the brush, is being garnered and this gives rise to an active and hot passage of laws designating such killings "manslaughter" in the belief that it will have a tendency to stop the slaughter. Such agitation is the height of folly. All the laws in Christendom can't instill sense into a pate that is too addled to understand it, and manslaughter or even murder won't keep a crazy hunter from blazing away at anything he sees in the brush. What such ninnyrds need is a poggon and a guardian.

I see by the newspapers that a St. Louis man attempted suicide because his wife "kissed him too much." Wow. He says when he'd come home at night she'd "sit on his lap and purr and kiss" so continually that he couldn't "smoke his pipe." Poor man. If he preferred his dudine to wife's kisses, he ought to shake off this mortal coil and be blamed quick about it. I wonder if I could raise the price of a ticket to St. Louis?

Threshing Time.

I remember, I remember,
The year that I was out;
I tried to swallow all the chaff
That came up through the spout.
The machine, I recollect,
Was a red-painted hummer,
And we sure carried out the passage
Of laws designating such killings
"manslaughter" in the belief that it
will have a tendency to stop the
slaughter. Such agitation is the
height of folly. All the laws in
Christendom can't instill sense into
a pate that is too addled to understand
it, and manslaughter or even murder
won't keep a crazy hunter from
blazing away at anything he sees in
the brush. What such ninnyrds need
is a poggon and a guardian.

I remember, I remember,
The dawn so cold and raw
When the boss came round
And pulled us from the straw.
The greasy old sock home
Where, sitting side by side,
We gulped the coffee down
And grabbed everything in reach.

I remember, I remember,
The smut and fennel dust
That made us scratch and burn;
The foreman, how he cussed,
And cussed and did it over again.
The crazy pranks we played,
The fruit we'd often swipe
From wayside orchards
Whoo! Red James was getting ripe.

I remember, I remember,
—But what's the use?
By J. R. M.

Sail For China.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Longacre, of Silverton, recently sailed for Shanghai, China, to visit their daughter, Mrs. J. J. Connel, who had been visiting her parents at Silverton for a few months. Mr. Longacre formerly was principal of the Dallas schools and is well known in this city.

School House Painted.

The Dallas public school building has been given a coat of fresh paint, brown as to the basement and white above, and looks as spick and span as a summer yacht. The work was done by H. P. Shriver.

Boundary Board Meeting.

A meeting of the school district boundary board of Polk county is to be held at the court house Tuesday, August 15, to consider such business as may come before it. The members of the board are County Judge Ed E. Coad, Commissioners William Riddle and S. H. Petre, and County Superintendent H. C. Seymour, who is secretary. Professor Seymour is expected to return from a trip to Tillamook county in time to attend the session of the board.

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